

A  
B R O A D-S I D E  
MORE FOR THE  
D U T C H:

O R,  
The Belgick Lion couchant.

**T**hen quaff no more, thou drunken Jack-a-dandy,  
Our English Blood more spirit has than Brandy:  
Have ye not Hearts to answer your design,  
Untill you get your Hogf-heads full of Wine?  
Know Brandy does into your Brains intrude  
Rather a Phrensie, than true Fortitude.  
How did ye beg the Wind to swell your Sail?  
Trusting your Yard-arms, where your own Arms fail.  
Your *Hogen Mogen* stood in desperate Need,  
To send to *Egypt* for a rotten Reed.  
But stay! Your Fleet with our *Hamburger* Meets,  
Sure to provide Ye of your winding Sheets:  
Did ye suppose (fond Swobs) the Mackrel loath  
To dine on You, without a Table-Cloath?  
That fear was needless, they would feast on You;  
And take your Canvas for a Carpet too:  
Sure Brawn will come to be a dainty Dish,  
When Boars are made a Banquet to the Fish.  
Devils again have enter'd the Unclean,  
And the herd's choakt in sight of *Gadarene*;  
Their Tops they Low'r, and their Top Gallants too,  
No, *Hogen Mogen*, all are *Low-Dutch* Now.  
Be what they will: Twenty *Geneviah* Sermons  
Are never like to make us Cousin Germans.  
Brag on, and boast still, yet the English slight ye;  
Ye may be High, but sure Ye are not Mighty.  
He is too prodigal of Fame that Rates  
You other now, than *poor distressed States*.  
Throw up the Cards, You see your Game is lost,  
*England* has turn'd a *Trump* up to your Cost.

You the third Coat-Card, we the two best have;  
And all Men know, the King will hang the Knave.  
We see your tricks (*mine Heere*) and give you but  
The leave to shuffel, 'cause we mean to Cut;  
To our advantage too: An I to be plain,  
If You deal false, then We will Cut again.  
No, if You fight the prize with English men,  
Your Admirals must play above Board then;  
Poor *Everise* was doubly overcome,  
First to be beat abroad, and then at home:  
But what made *Trump* set up his *Hogen Broom*?  
Did he for Boots, or Shooes, or old Hats come?  
Or if, to sweep the Channel (as some Say)  
He may be set a work here every day.  
The Broom is Chynnie proof; get it but in,  
And *Trump* may soon turn up a *Sooterkin*.  
But (Swobbers) cease your high and mighty brags;  
We need but Mackrel Boats, to take your Flags;  
We boast of Nothing (Lord of Hosts) but Thee,  
Whose only Goodness gave us Victory.  
Our well tun'd Bells and Canons kept ev'n Ranks;  
Whilst Bonfires were the Altars of our Thanks;  
The Boars had Bonfires too, as well as We,  
Only ours were at home, but theirs at sea:  
Their Fire-ships did in us no Terror strike;  
We were resolv'd to make them all alike:  
Why should the Dutch our Colliars then Desire?  
They need no Coals to set their Ships afire:  
Thanks to his Royal Highness *James* the Great,  
And Brave Prince *Rupert*, for this Grand Defeat;  
Thanks to the Admirals, and all the Rest;  
Who all so Fought, as Every one fought Best.